transform everything I've been, what I am, this quickly."

"It is enough that you want to. It does not come easily for me either."

The accepting openness in those dark eyes made Kirk a little uncomfortable. It was all happening so quickly, Kirk wasn't sure if he was quite prepared for this. Although Spock was meeting him more than half way, he was giving the Vulcan an enormous power over him--and hadn't Spock broken that trust once? But the circumstances were different then. It had been an unspoken trust, more a hunch than anything concrete. And Spock had never made any promises...until now. In any case, he was a gambler, and this incredible feeling of harmony and peace--and even belonging--was worth taking a chance.

Kirk kissed Spock lingeringly, sensually. "Damn, I never realized how fantastically sexy your mouth is. Kissing you sends a shock right into my balls." His voice lowered huskily. "I want you...."

Kirk spread Spock's thighs and lifted his legs over his shoulders, caressing the Vulcan's genitals until the dark head was tossing fitfully on the pillow. Unable to wait any longer, Kirk sought the opening and carefully began to press inside. Spock tensed once, but the milking hand on his cock caused him to relax and thrust upward to the impaling shaft. When Kirk had sheathed himself to the hilt in the delicious heat, he stopped, holding himself in check for a moment. Their eyes met and held.

The human's body was trembling slightly with the need to move, to take the magnificent body possessively, to claim it totally. But he held still, questioning the black eyes silently, unwilling to disturb this precious time of tenderness even in the violent need for completion. But the dark eyes were smoldering now, the heat coursing through the slim body, flushing it a lovely green bronze, like old copper.

"Please, Kirk...Jim...."

Kirk began to move again, slowly, drawing out the sensations until they both moaned at the exquisite feel of it. He built them, watching the animal passion on the Vulcan's face grow until Spock reached up for him wildly, crying out wordlessly. They wound together in an abandoned sexual dance, limbs tangled, hands gripping, demanding, bodies clashing, bruising each other in the blind need to merge together, to be one. Taking or giving was momentarily forgotten in simply needing. Seeking a symbolic release from old frustrations, old pain; pouring our and purging themselves to start clean and fresh. There was a frozen second of limbo as they came, almost frightening in its ecstacy, shaking them both to the core of themselves.

They lay together, chests heaving, Kirk still inside Spock, his head pillowed on Spock's breast. Spock stroked the damp, tousled hair, and an emotion so intense, so powerful filled him that he wished he had his lyre to release it in music. Words could never hold it. The singing inside him needed a more fitting accompanyment.

Kirk let his breath out slowly, and it felt cool on the Vulcan's skin. He turned his head to look at Spock. His gentle smile was dazzling. "I can't remember ever feeling such...calm within myself," he said softly, wonderingly. "It's like...I always had something wound tight inside, so I couldn't breath without it aching. And now, it's gone." His face darkened. "But when I walk outside this room, it'll start winding again. I'll have to fight and plot and hate. None of this is real, what we found together. It's just a dream, and as soon as I put that uniform back on, we'll wake up and see what sentimental fools we've been."

"No," Spock said fiercely. "We can have it back when we want. We won't lose it. I refuse to let it go. This is real; the rest is sham."

Kirk's smile returned, but it was bittersweet. "I almost hope you're wrong. It would be better if I was dreaming. You scare the hell out of me." He laid his palm against Spock's cheek. "I need you, damn it. And that's a weapon I've never let anyone have."

Spock held him tighter. "You are equally armed, and...I am not frightened at all."

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